

PROPHECY AND PHILOSOPHY

PARABLES OF CREATING TEMPLES IN WILDERNESSES

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Parables of Creating Temples in Wildernesses

I

Following along separate paths in the forest in the wilderness, they eventually met and came upon a temple in a clearing in the wilderness. Having called themselves brothers and sisters, they presumed to join together to go to the temple. Their first impression, as they approached, was of a structure of beauty in the midst of a land of desolation. As they approached, the doors at first appeared to be open wide and they expected to walk right in. Presuming to have arrived and try as they would, somehow incredibly, they could not get inside the temple. At times there seemed to be doors, and yet at times, even the appearance of doors eluded them. In a short while, they grew tired of trying to get into the temple in the wilderness. They were somewhat startled to notice that what they at first thought was a structure of beauty was really, now, quite common looking.

The more they wearied of trying to get in the temple the more unattractive it became to them. They finally realized that, for them, it was really quite shabby now and differed little, if any at all, from the wilderness around them. Sitting together near what they had thought was a door to the temple, they engaged themselves in vigorous discussion and the brothers and sisters finally concluded that surely they could build a much more beautiful temple than this one they couldn't find doors to anyway. They jumped up and raced off in haste and stumbled off into the wilderness to find a place to build their own temple.

II

Some, calling themselves brothers and sisters, found a place in the wilderness to build a temple. The ground was rough and strewn with boulders and shrubs and trees. Impatiently, they concluded that what they needed most to top off a beautiful temple was a beautiful roof. Quickly climbing nearby trees, they put together fragments of lumber and beautiful glass they had hastily gathered up along the path. Each person was trying to balance along a limb of a tree and all tried to hold up what they thought to be a beautiful roof in process of construction. It was to top off a beautiful temple they meant to build up to match the beautiful roof,

While trying to decide what to do about walls and a foundation for the temple, they began to argue over the nature of structural plans and concepts and how to satisfy each person's aesthetic tastes. As they shouted and argued back and forth in the breeze, which was becoming more vigorous, the emerging roof slipped from their grasp and fell onto the trees and boulders and uneven ground and shattered its rigid and sporadic piecing-together into numerous splinters and fragments.

Again and again, they attempted to patch up the roof they were becoming so fond of and raise it high and lofty through their joint efforts so they could build walls and a foundation under it and finish their beautiful temple. In time, they became discouraged and left the scene of their temple-building to search for a temple in the wilderness already created, where they might perhaps rest awhile until they could finish their beautiful temple in the wilderness.

III

Some, calling themselves brothers and sisters, came upon a temple in a clearing in the wilderness, seeking rest from their labors on their own as yet unfinished temple. At first they were dismayed, recognizing their hoped-for temple-of-rest as one they had come upon some time before without being able to gain entry. The doors were somehow sealed from them or mysteriously eluding them. Now noticing part of their prior frustrations to be due to locks on the doors in need of keys, they were further dismayed until happening to notice one of the doors ajar.

Hopes renewed, the brothers and sisters entered the door, expecting an extensive view of the interior of a beautiful temple. Surprisingly, they had gained access to a single hallway. A few doors were in view along the hallway but they found them all locked as they slowly edged their way along. Eventually they came to a room at the end of the hall. Trying to adjust to the unexpected brightness of the room, all they saw at first were a few seats where they sat to try to find some rest.

Eventually they noticed a series of thin veils across the room behind which were several chairs. They were startled to see what they took to be an old white-haired man seated quietly in one of the chairs. Whispering among themselves, they conversed at length back and forth among themselves trying to identify the man for themselves. They eventually noticed a large ring of keys in the possession of him who they took to be an old white-haired and evidently mostly senile man. They triumphantly concluded that he must be the janitor of the temple. Being somewhat rested now and eager to resume work on their own temple and being satisfied that they had seen all there

really was to see about this (mysterious) temple, they charged down the hallway and out of the door to find and resume work on their own temple in the wilderness.

IV

Somewhat enthused now about building their temple in the wilderness, some calling themselves brothers and sisters came upon a clearing in the wilderness which they soon recognized as a place where they had previously been working on a temple. Recognizing fragments and splinters of glass and lumber as a roof they had attempted to build and beautify to top off a beautiful temple they hoped to build, they rushed into the clearing and hastily gathered the fragments and splinters together. After much time and labor, they had again assembled what they hoped would be the nucleus of their beautiful roof. They climbed nearby trees and held it high aloft. While shouting and arguing back and forth, a vigorous breeze arose unexpectedly. While trying to decide what to do about walls and a foundation for their beautiful temple, the emerging roof slipped from their grasp and fell to the ground and shattered into numerous fragments and splinters.

This process was repeated many times. After some discussion, they concluded that their problem was lack of determination. They continually devised ways of stimulating each other to greater and greater effort. They lauded themselves and each other with great vocal enthusiasm about their great abilities and undoubted skills and about the great and marvelous work they were doing as builders of temples in wildernesses.

Time waxed on. Some became more and more enthused. Others were less so. They tried again and again with more determination to work in every conceivable way they could imagine to succeed in creating and constructing and raising a roof of such great beauty that it would be fit to top off the temple of great beauty they anticipated creating and building.

Finally exhausted, they determined they must rest. So they wearily trudged off into the wilderness to see if they could find a temple of peace and rest for their recuperation. They wearied so on the journey that some became so lost they couldn't be found, though the rest cultivated the strength to somehow carry on.

V

Some, calling themselves brothers and sisters, came upon a temple in a clearing in the wilderness. Seeking rest from their labors on their own as yet unfinished temple, they began to reminisce about somehow feeling they had been here before. With a sense of some familiarity, they knew the doors were locked to them but still expected to find a door ajar. Perhaps after resting in the room at the end of the hallway they would again see him who to them was an old man behind veils—a janitor—perhaps resting or something.

While sitting together in the room down the hallway, they gradually became aware of him who they had taken to be an old man with white hair. They seemed to somehow know that with him was a large ring of keys, though they couldn't seem to exactly perceive or identify them. They decided among themselves from looking at him that he must work about the building and could help them some way with building their temple in the wilderness. So they approached him and spoke to him, asking him if he were acquainted with building temples in wildernesses and if he would help them with theirs. He replied very gently in the affirmative, inquiring what they desired of him. Somewhat surprised, they repeated their request for help in building their temple. He replied that he felt he could only really be of help if they became inclined to and would give deep consideration to an initial question he would need to ask to determine if he could be of help. Anxious now to resume building their temple, they hastily answered in chorus that they would.

Not knowing what to expect, they were stunned into a long silence by his question, "For what purpose are you attempting to build a temple in the wilderness?"

At length, they began to whisper among themselves and finally responded to his question by admitting to him that they had never really thought about this question and didn't really know. He gently indicated that he couldn't be of help to them without knowing their purpose in building a temple, so they resumed their work on their roof without his help, not wishing any further delays.

VI

After a long time of frustrating and unsuccessful work trying to finish their beautiful roof for their proposed temple in the wilderness, some calling themselves brothers and sisters reluctantly concluded that they must admit to themselves that there must be an ingredient missing in their building project which they couldn't supply by themselves; while others continued to plow on with dogged determination. Embarrassed and somewhat reluctantly, some decided among themselves that they couldn't go on without further consultation with him with whom they

his immense patience, they also felt patient as they moved their lives toward cultivating his admonition: "Move gently and patiently toward creating foundations, and all else, by probing and nourishing the depths of your own creative desires and follow them carefully to the fulfillment of their in-depth joy."

Cultivating his admonition, each saw more and more through his own joy what to do to fulfill his own enjoyment and noticed the variety of their enjoyment to be conducive to the variety of needs present to create their foundation and their temple in the wilderness. They saw now, in the midst of the gentle direction of The Elders, the need for special stones and special mortar and special tools and ingredients for each special purpose to create sacred temples in wildernesses; they saw more and more the need for everything and everybody appropriate to its own special needs and times and places in their own joy and enjoyment all together.

VIII

Those, creating together a temple in the wilderness, rejoiced in the fulfilling dawning and maturing in them of their keys, and therefore, their authority and capability to do so. They rejoiced in their new keys of the authority of wisdom and creative desire and in-depth joy and enjoyment and the authority of special needs and times and places and tools for everything and everybody appropriate to their own joy all together (appropriation).

In the midst of the miracle of the giving and receiving (the revelations) of these keys of creation engraving gently in the hearts and minds of the brothers and sisters through The White-Haired-One and The Elders and The Eldest One, they gradually began to perceive another of the miracles of building sacred temples in wildernesses. They had a question continually in their hearts and minds, and on their lips to The Eldest One, "What did The White-Haired-One mean in suggesting to us to place ourselves into the mortar and every aspect of the foundation and temples we are creating in wildernesses?" The Eldest One smiled. "It will require sharp eyes to perceive his meaning, but if you will continue to watch carefully through cultivating your feelings and eyes of humility and gentility and peace and love and joy, you will eventually see his meaning."

From then on, from time to time, as the brothers and sisters cultivated and increased their joy and their eyes sharpened, they actually perceived their joy gently slip into the mortar they were mixing and the stones they were carefully selecting and carefully setting in place in their foundation. They saw their joy and humility actually mixing in with all the ingredients of gentleness and softness and resiliency and pliability and adaptability and creative impregnability. They saw their creative foundation hold firm against the ravages of destructive darkness. They realized a power far beyond any power they had ever before seen or even imagined could exist; a power and strength far beyond all power of amassing impregnable hardness; yet such a gentle power of softness and resiliency that it could be perceived in its glory only by the gentlest and softest eyes and hearts.

The more the brothers and sisters saw the gentle beauty of the gentle foundation being built with gentle hands and hearts through the direction of the gentle wisdom and graciousness of The Eldest One, the more they joyfully marveled and the more a gentle voice dawned in them: "You, brothers and sisters, are finding your father in his most gracious and creative fatherhood and are being sealed to him as his children in your eternalizing bonds of peace and love and joy and in-depth enjoyment of each other all together. You are finding and being sealed to the heavenly authority of creative fatherhood as his creative children, as creative brothers and sisters."

angry with what they considered the foolish attention to really insignificant detail suggested by The White-Haired-One. Bit by bit, they came together more and more often and decided to build their own temple on a more realistic and more reasonable basis.

Agreeing that some of what they had learned from their previous efforts at building temples in the wilderness was profitable, they set about to clear a place in the wilderness to lay a temple foundation. In the course of their construction, advisors came to them who convinced them that solidity in a foundation required a process of amassing more and more hardened materials with which to construct their foundations. Through frustrations and disappointments in the decay of their foundations made with materials of hardness they had spent time piecing together, some of them became obstinately determined to construct a foundation that would not crack under any circumstances.

So, they eventually put together a massive foundation of hardness which proudly and obstinately repelled all encroachments. They now boasted of a foundation so rigid and hardened as to be absolutely impregnable to all outside influence (which they thought always to be destructive). Upon occasionally meeting those they had once called brothers and sisters, they chided them for their slowness in working on their as yet uncompleted foundation. Meanwhile they had acquired consultants who had helped them rather rapidly raise very ornate walls of hard-impregnable-indestructible material on which they fastened their elaborately ornate roof, which they declared to be very beautiful.

VI

Learning more now to avoid destructive haste some feeling more now like brothers and sisters sought to discover if The White-Haired-One had further suggestions for them before their return to building their temple. Sensing their genuine spirit of inquiry, he placed a question before them: For what purpose are you endeavoring to create a foundation for and a temple in the wilderness? His question drew their attention to the realization that he had posed this question to them before, which they had forgotten.

Counseling among themselves for some time and reflecting upon their impressions while conversing with The White-Haired-One, a key dawned in them and they replied: We are striving to create a holy place of creative peace and rest and love and joy and enlightenment and wisdom. The White-Haired-One received their response with joy: Then I have a key for you to take with you. Engraved on the key he gently placed inside of them were these words: Holy places can only be created by holy people.

Following quite consistently now the voice of The White-Haired-One, those feeling more like brothers and sisters patiently and joyously and carefully sought out Elders of holiness and wisdom who were those having passed through such refining fire of spiritual maturity and refinement. They were not surprised now when the gentle voice of The White-Haired-One gently came into them, while they were searching, and gently placed in them another key: Holy people can only be perceived through holy eyes of a holy beholder.

They began to cultivate holy eyes through the sanctification of continually consecrating, to their gain, their wisdom experienced so far in building and creating temples in wildernesses. Impacting their keys more and more massively inside themselves, they were able to keep their peace and wisdom in themselves and before their eyes, even in the midst of darkness and deluge. In due course of time, they discovered Elders in the wilderness who rejoiced in the opportunity to be of help.

VII

In the preliminary stages of the restoration of their creating a foundation for their temple, the brothers and sisters noticed The Elders referring more and more for direction to one among them whose highly refined and humble and gentle and gracious wisdom became more and more visible as they observed him more and more through their own becoming more-humble eyes. As they observed The Elders creatively relating to The Eldest One, spontaneously the voice they ordinarily took to be far away in a temple in another part of the wilderness seemed now to be coming from so very near. As it dawned gradually inside them, it illuminated a key to their enlightenment: The most meaningful and significant authority is the authority of highly refined and humble and gentle and gracious wisdom and is only exercised and perceived in its spontaneous creativity by those attuning themselves to it in the same authority.

Perceiving the wisdom in their new key, the brothers and sisters mingled among and carefully observed and followed, more and more, the wisdom of The Elders. Following their pattern, they began to rely most for direction on The Eldest One. The more they watched him, the more they perceived him watching them with gentle yet very penetrating eyes. When they inquired of him what they should do, they became more and more accustomed to expect, as his preliminary reply, a question: What do you desire to be and do from your depths? Not accustomed to such unusual authoritative direction, they were at first mostly at a loss as to what to do. In the aura of

had previously conversed who they took to be an old man having something to do with temples in wildernesses and who might be able to help them. Having forgotten him and his initial question to them for the most part, and in their frustration and confusion, they returned to the temple in the clearing the place of brief prior encounters with him and sought to find him in the room at the end of the hallway through the door left ajar. Amazingly, he always seemed to be there when they really needed him and diligently sought him out.

After briefly exchanging greetings, and upon his response to their inquiries, they gave him a lengthy history of their efforts to create a beautiful roof to top off a beautiful temple they were building in the wilderness. He listened patiently for a long time to them and when they concluded their history, he replied that he felt he could only really be of help if they became inclined to and would give deep consideration to a question he would need to ask to determine if he could be of help. Not knowing what to expect, they were stunned into a long silence by his question, What is the nature of the foundation you have prepared for your temple?

At length, they began to whisper among themselves and finally admitted to him that they had never really thought about this question and didn't, as of yet, have a foundation for their temple. He gently indicated to them that he couldn't be of help to them in building their temple except as they could work together in the creation of a foundation. As he spoke, they were aware that he had taken a key from his ring and placed it gently inside of them.

Appropriate foundations must precede walls and the roof. Beautiful temples cannot be created without appropriate foundations. These were the words engraved in the key.

Foundations

I

Some, calling themselves brothers and sisters, rushed from counseling with him, who to them was an old white-haired man, out into the wilderness of temple building. They seemed to be full of enthusiasm now, concluding among themselves that they finally had the key to finish building their temple: They would build a foundation for their roof. They soon were at the site of building. Hastily, they began digging a trench for a foundation. When they felt finished digging, they rushed into the wilderness nearby and soon had enough stones to fill the trench.

Expecting now to soon be able to raise their beautiful roof, they began to search again for its lost and fallen fragments. While searching for their roof, the skies began to darken and, before they were prepared, a storm welled up in the wilderness. For a time, they were sorely buffeted by the storm in the scant shelter they were able to find in the wilderness.

Concluding to return to the site of their temple building to regroup, they found the chaos to have destroyed the site of their temple and their new foundation. Their stones were rolled away and so covered with debris from the wash and violence of the storm that only fragments of a foundation were even recognizable.

Again and again they trenched and gathered stones and set the foundation for building their temple in the wilderness, but time and again, one unforeseen dilemma after another washed it away or covered it with debris or put it in such disarray in one way or another that, try as they would, they couldn't seem to finish their foundation. Arguing more and more now about what to do, some finally concluded they should seek counsel from him who appeared to them mostly to be an old and senile, and yet possibly helpful, white-haired man. Others were angry with this suggestion, blaming the man at the temple for their foundation frustration and refusing to go or have anything more to do with him.

Still, others were too embarrassed or ashamed or proud to admit their foundation failures to themselves or others. Many of these wandered off into the wilderness and were mostly lost in other occupations and various feelings of various kinds of pride and violence, shame and embarrassment, and frustration and anger.

A few however girded up their desire and journeyed back to see him who they saw as the old man at the temple. He received them graciously, and soon at his request, they each gave him a detailed history of their attempts to build a foundation for their temple in the wilderness.

II

Resting awhile in a somewhat familiar temple room they found in the wilderness, some, calling themselves brothers and sisters, conversed again with The White-Haired-One. Having received a detailed history of their unsuccessful attempts to establish a foundation he had advised and suggested, he inquired of them what they would desire of him. They desired to know why the foundation he suggested had continually failed. He replied gently that he felt he could only really be of help if they became inclined to and would give deep consideration to a question he would need to ask to see if he could be of help. They responded affirmatively, so he gently placed this question before them, "What is the nature of the mortar you used to hold your stones together in creating your foundation?" Gradually it dawned on them that he had taken a key from his ring and placed it gently inside of them. Stones must be mortared together in strong foundations.

Some jumped up ready to dash again to their temple site while a few sat pondering their new key. Whispering back and forth, the few noted the failures of their prior haste and suggested careful consideration of implementing their new key before departing. Some joined them and some impatiently plunged back into the wilderness toward their temple building site. Conversing with each other, those remaining began to realize that their numbers were now too few to really enable them to both gather foundation stones and mix mortar. Inquiring again of The White-Haired-One they were made aware of his having seen others from time to time in the wilderness who may be able to help. Responding to their further inquiries, he gently revealed some of his joy in their maturing caution which helped them discover their need for help. All together, they concluded it to be advisable to seek help and then departed into the wilderness on their errand of wisdom. They began more and more to realize that three new keys had been gently placed by him inside of them: Foundations of temples being created in wildernesses can only be created through developing the personal humility to recognize joy-fully a need for help in-time-of-need. Real help must be sought humbly. Substantial foundations cannot be created in haste, but must be created stone by stone.

III

Diligently searching and finding some help to gather stones and mix mortar to build a foundation for the temple in the wilderness, some calling themselves brothers and sisters returned to their temple building and worked on their foundation. In due time, a foundation was set in place. In the midst of a stormy season, they were again deluged while pausing to consider what next to do.

Having looked the foundation over after the storm and seeing it still in place, they were satisfied that finally it had withstood the storm. They gradually gathered together and began to tread on their foundation in order to now raise their beautiful roof. As they did so, some noticed the foundation was gradually and almost imperceptibly crumbling and giving way under their feet in small ways and places. Disagreement arose in the ensuing discussions. Some denied crumbling. To some, these few spots of crumbling were trivial and would have little if any effect on the whole of their magnificent temple and its building project. Some wearied of their labors and wandered off into the wilderness to find something more interesting to do than quarrel and engage themselves in such a frustrating cause.

A few, temporarily discouraged, cultivated their hopes by renewing their spirit of inquiry and wondered why the almost imperceptible spots of their foundation were beginning to crumble. At length they concluded to return to their temple room of rest and inquire of The White-Haired-One. He was pleased to see them again and his pleasure was encouraging to them. More experienced, they were now expecting him to respond to their crumbling foundation with a new inquiry. Fulfilling their expectation he asked them, "What did you use for mortar? They had presumed conventional mortar to be adequate for building temples in wildernesses.

Gradually they became aware that The White-Haired-One was very gently and patiently placing a new but mysterious key within them: "You must place yourselves into the mortar and every aspect of the foundation as the principal ingredient for appropriately keeping your foundation together, especially in times of great stress.

Through their increasing experience and humility, they gradually perceived another key of The White-Haired-One dawning in them: "Creative hope is founded in and creatively cultivated by the refreshing spiritual renewal of a creative spirit of wonder and humble inquiry.

IV

Some, calling themselves brothers and sisters, pondered over the words of The White-Haired-One. While returning again to the site of their building a temple in the wilderness, they discussed among themselves what it could mean to place themselves into the mortar. A mixture of peace and anxiety and distrust and doubt emerged from each as they walked and talked. Arguments ensued. Some were mild, and some were more and more vexing. Finally, a few concluded that it meant to work more carefully than before.

Much time passed, yet unexpectedly, and however carefully they worked, each attempt to work more and more carefully with the stones and mortar ended with flaws in the foundation. Some despaired and left. Others decided it was time to seek The White-Haired-One for further insight. Attempting to return to his room on a path easily followed before, they discovered a dark fog hanging over the path which was so dense in places that they began to lose their way. Eventually, some gathered together and decided to explore in smaller groups and report back their findings. Some never returned. A few, in one of the smaller groups, who had come to value highly their conversing with The White-Haired-One and who were remembering to cultivate their creative hope were almost startled to realize that very gently, deep inside of them they could feel the very gentle voice of The White-Haired-One calling them. Some of those not feeling his voice were skeptical and others were argumentative; some remained jealous and some feigned hearing. Those in whom these feelings continued lost their way one by one and wandered around aimlessly or into channels leading away from creating temples in wildernesses.

Eventually, those hearing The White-Haired-One's voice and those following them, found him seated serenely in his veiled room in his temple in the wilderness. He was glad to see them. After a season of joyous and creative rest, they again conversed. Responding to their spirit of inquiry, he advised them toward working the stones and mortar together so that they could place themselves into the mortar and every other aspect of the foundation. He also advised that creating sacred temples in wildernesses requires the help of someone highly qualified to lead the way by having often passed through the creative refining fires of foundation building himself. A key dawned:

The possibility and quality of creating temples in wildernesses is predicated on the quality of development and spiritual maturity of and spiritual refinement of those both guiding and participating.

V

Some, at one time or another, had become disappointed and disaffected and disgruntled and frustrated and